But as soon as I feel better I again understand that I must never let up in my harshness toward myself, never move backward or recant, hut rather plunge farther along my path, austerely and fiercely.

Having said this, I go and rest a moment at Copeau's, through the need of seeing my image again in a somewhat flattering mirror.

Work after dinner; I finish going over the translation of *Promethee,* decidedly much less good than it seemed at first. Read aloud an act of Ford's *The Broken Heart,*

Saturday

Quite calm and studious day, which would have been perfect if only I had been able to sleep last night. In the evening, continued the reading of Ford aloud. Interesting chapter by Hello on Shakespeare in his *Plateaux de la balance.**

Sunday

Ended the day yesterday at the Varietes, where Lavalliere, Brasseur, and Prince laboriously exceed their qualities in *Miquette et sa mdre.*[4] Max Dearly on the other hand attenuates his buffoonery and shows himself to be an excellent actor. My fatigue exaggerates for me the pla/s mediocrity. The authors understood only too well that with today's public they didn't have to go to any great pains. At times, however, a cleverly turned scene, a single line, shows that with a little effort they could have made it better and satisfied people of good taste also.

Gheon, who knew we were at this theater, suddenly appears at the end of an intermission. I drop the play to talk with him until his train at twelve twenty-five.

Gheon, noisier and more brilliant than ever, affirmative, dazzling, just as I like him—but I know only too well, alas, that this brilliance is merely a passing reaction to his dull stagnation at Bray. He tells me that he is now painting, that he is doing nothing but painting. "I am turning

out some excellent things; 111 show them to you. And what gives me the most pleasure in it all is the conviction that the Vuillards, the Roussels, and many others who used to charm us . . . well, old man, nothing is easier." In short this encourages him to appreciate more and more line, composition, decorum, restraint. So much the better.

He shouts all of this out on the boulevards, making everyone turn around, Wearing his cloth cap, completely wrapped up in his sheep-

[s] *The Pair of Scales* (1880).

[4] *Miquette and Her Mother,* a three-act comedy by Robert de Flers and Gaston de CaiUavet, which opened at the Th<§£tre des Vari&res in November 1906,